I may be prowd. She takes ſtrong note of me,
Hath made me neere her; and this beuteous Morne
(The prim'ſt of all the yeare) preſents me with
A brace of horſes, two ſuch Steeds might well
Be by a paire of Kings backt, in a Field
That their crownes titles tride: Alas, alas
Poore Coſen *Palamon*, poore priſoner, thou
So little dream'ſt upon my fortune, that
Thou thinkſt thy ſelfe, the happier thing, to be
So neare *Emilia*, me thou deem'ſt at *Thebs*,
And therein wretched, although free; But if
Thou knew'ſt my Miſtris breathd on me, and that
I ear'd her language, liv'de in her eye; O Coz
What paſſion would encloſe thee.

Enter Palamon as out of a Buſh, with his Shackles: bends his fiſt at Arcite.

Palamon. Traytor kinſeman,
Thou ſhouldſt perceive my paſſion, if theſe ſignes
Of priſonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a Sword: By all othes in one
I, and the iuſtice of my love would make thee
A confeſt Traytor, o thou moſt perfidious
That ever gently lookd the voydes of honour.
That eu'r bore gentle Token; falſeſt Coſen
That ever blood made kin, call'ſt thou hir thine?
Ile prove it in my Shackles, with theſe hands,
Void of appointment, that thou ly'ſt, and art
A very theefe in love, a Chaffy Lord
Nor worth the name of villaine: had I a Sword
And theſe houſe clogges away.

Arc. Deere Coſin *Palamon*,

Pal. Coſoner *Arcite*, give me language, ſuch
As thou haſt ſhewd me feate.

Arc. Not finding in
The circuit of my breaſt, any groſſe ſtuffe
To forme me like your blazon, holds me to
This gentleneſſe of anſwer; tis your paſſion
That thus miſtakes, the which to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind: honor, and honeſtie

I cheriſh, and depend on, how ſo ev'r
You skip them in me, and with them faire Coz
Ile maintaine my proceedings; pray be pleaſ'd
To ſhew in generous termes, your griefes, ſince that
Your queſtion's with your equall, who profeſſes
To cleare his owne way, with the minde and Sword
Of a true Gentleman.

Pal. That thou durſt *Arcite*.

Arc. My Coz, my Coz, you have beene well advertiſ'd
How much I dare, y'ave ſeene me uſe my Sword
Againſt th'advice of feare: ſure of another
You would not heare me doubted, but your ſilence
Should breake out, though i'th Sanctuary.

Pal. Sir,
I have ſeene you move in ſuch a place, which well
Might juſtifie your manhood, you were calld (faire
A good knight and a bold; But the whole weeke's not
If any day it rayne: Their valiant temper
Men looſe when they encline to trecherie,
And then they fight like compelld Beares, would fly
Were they not tyde.

Arc. Kinſman, you might as well
Speake this, and act it in your Glaſſe, as to
His eare, which now diſdaines you.

Pal. Come up to me,
Quit me of theſe cold Gyves, give me a Sword
Though it be ruſtie, and the charity
Of one meale lend me; Come before me then
A good Sword in thy hand, and doe but ſay
That *Emily* is thine, I will forgive
The treſpaſſe thou haſt done me, yea my life
If then thou carry't, and brave ſoules in ſhades
That have dyde manly, which will ſeeke of me
Some newes from earth, they ſhall get none but this
That thou art brave, and noble.

Arc. Be content,
Againe betake you to your hawthorne houſe,
With counſaile of the night, I will be here
With wholeſome viands; theſe impediments